

Military Child

Home is where ever my dad is sent,
The army is like a fortune teller,
you never know where you're going to live next.
Therefore my home is no where

My heart is always being broken
From saying goodbye to friends
to saying goodbye to my dad.
Staining his uniform in tears,
and holding on tight to his uniform

The distance practically kills me
I count down the days until I see him again
It is the hardest thing I have to do
But I stay strong for him